

CHEER UP, THEY'RE COMIN' HOME TO-DAY



WORDS and Music by Lieut. Jack Frost

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CHEER UP, THEY'RE COMIN' HOME TO-DAY

Allegretto.
(lively.)

Words & Music
By LIEUT. JACK FROST

VAMP.

Hon-ey, can't you hear it? Hon-ey, can't you hear that
Hon-ey, hear 'em play-in' mu-sic called the "Vict'ry

drum? Blues, It's beatin' some, I can't re-fuse, It seems to say, "we have won, we have won," my Ba-by. I've got to dance like the deuce, like the deuce, my 'Ba-by.

Now's the time to cheer 'em, cheer 'em, babe, as home they come, So get your glad rags and let's join in the
Ev - 'ry-bo-dy's swayin', sway-in' to the "Vict'ry Blues." So kindly hur - ry, I feel so kind of

fun, war is done, war is done! They're pa-rad - in', yes, they're pa-rad - in' now, those boys who beat the Hun.
loose, what's the use, what's the use? It's all o - ver, yes, it's all o - ver, they have sent the hap-py news.

CHORUS

Just see those lines advancing, Each "doughboy" proudly prancing, They bring us happy peace and

joy, "At-ta boy, At-ta boy!" Just see those lads in khaki Join hands with brother Jackie, Shoutin' out, "We're

with you, sailor boy, ship a-hoy! ship a-hoy!" Just hear those bells a-ringin', Just hear the crowd a-sing-in';

This is a Yankee hol-i-day, hip-hoo-ray! hip-hoo-ray! Those boys the Huns are 'fraid of Have shown what

Yanks are made of; Cheer up, they're comin' home to-day! day! day! D.S.

Cheer Up, They're Comin' Home To-Day. 2

D.S.

Late Patriotic Song Successes

There's a
LITTLE BLUE STAR
in the
WINDOW
And it means all the world to me

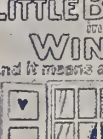


Illustration of a window with a blue star in the center pane, surrounded by flowers and a heart on the shutters.

PAUL & FANNY
SING IN
T. HENRI KUCMANN

**The Popular
"Service Flag" Song Hit**

THERE'S A LITTLE BLUE STAR IN THE WINDOW
PART 2. ARMSTRONG. AND IT MEANS ALL THE WORLD TO ME. F. HENRI KLUCKMANN

There are stars in the high heavens shin-ing With a prom-ise of Hope in their light! There are

stars in the field of Old Glo-ry. The em-bloms of hon- or and right But do

not ever shine with more bright-ness, I know, Than the one for my boy who lit the sea. There's a

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I'M HITTING THE TRAIL TO NORMANDY Words and Music
SO MISS ME GOOD-BYE. By PHAS. ANYZER

For I'm hitting the trail to Normandy. So kiss me good-bye. When we're carried the flag to victory, Then
 I'll cry... So just on the old white when I'll meet the sea. Adieu my sweet and kind
 I'll cry... For I'm hitting the trail to Normandy. So kiss me good-bye. For my eye

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1932
Hitting Trail: Norman
SO KISS ME GOOD-BYE

THE SONG EVERYBODY IS SINGING

OLD GLORY GOES MARCHING ON.

Lyrics by PAUL S. ARMSTRONG. Music by F. HENRI KLECKMANN.

Cum - son Red for sac - ri - fice, the blood of ba - ro -

shed. Spot - less Where for Par - ti - cle, the

smoke of sol - diers' dead. As we Bleed for fur - low

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[illegible]

WHEN A BOY SAYS GOOD BYE TO HIS MOTHER
AND SHE GIVES HIM TO UNCLE SAM. By JACK FROST.

When a boy says good-bye to his mother, And the sound of the la-gle in
heard, He knows that tear to her eye means, Come back and by. Tho her fond lips breathe
never a word All the an-gels are pray-ing a-bove her. That he is

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When It Comes To A
LOVINGLESS DAY. By JACK FROST.

CHORUS

For Two days are most - less and Wednesdays are what - less. My mem - or is less - less, my
feel - ing is less - less. Now I don't care if all the less - are less - less. Or if
I'm less - less, I'll not let less I care to see - row, to less - row. I
over - did till my - hair is grey - - for what will I care, if they say I'm less - less.

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LET THE CHIMES OF NORMANDY BE OUR WEDDING BELLS.
Lyrics by PAUL B. ARMSTRONG
Music by F. HENRI KLOCKMANN

CHORUS, a song

The bird will give you wish, the dove will sing, And I will marry you,
no more a stranger, The sun is shining through the warm and the kindly, dear,
And I'll be with you for the light of my life, when you call me, we'll come back

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WHEN THE KAISER DOES THE GOOSE-STEP
TO A GOOD OLD AMERICAN RAG HAROLD REANDER.

1st *FRONT.*
When the Kai-ser does the goose-step to a good old A-mei-ri-can rag, They'll play it per-ky and make

2nd *FRONT.*
Mu-walk our key and sa-lete our grand old flag. He'll be wis-er when he two-steps to the

3rd *FRONT.*
song of the - low - land. He foot-steps to a good old Dis-cop sup-er-ma's a woad! They'll be a

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AMERICA

GREAT PATRIOTIC MARCH SONG

By Jack Frost

RATENNEY MUSIC CO.

[illegible]

GIDDY GIDDY! GO ON! GO ON!
 We're On Our Way To War
 By JACK FROST

Giddy Giddy! go on! go on! We're on our way to war! We're going to tell 'em to go to—well! That's what we're fight-ing for!— We did-a' want to do it, boys, But now they'makes more, Giddy Giddy! Go on! Go on! We're on our way to war!— war!— war!

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Giddy Giddap
CO ON CO ON
we're on our
way to WAR

**Great "Rube"
War Song Hit**

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CHICAGO
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